THE VVHOLE PROPHECIES OF SCOTLAND, ENGLAND, FRANCE, IRELAND, AND DENMARK.

Prophecied by marvellous Merling, Beid, Berlington, *Thomas Rymer*, Waldhave. Eltrain, Banester, and Sybilla.

All aggreeing in one, both in Latine verse, and in Scottish Meeter.

Containing many strange and marvellous matters, not of before read nor heard.

EDINBURGH,

Printed by the Heir of *Andrew Anderson*, Printer to his most Sacred Majesty:

1680.

316 Whole Prophecies of Scotland, England, France, Ireland, and Denmark, prophesied by marvellous Merling, Reid, Berlington, Thomas Rymer, Waldhave, Eltrain, Bannester and Sybilla, all agreeing in one, *both in Latine Verse and in Scottish Meeter*, containing many strange and marvelous matters not of before read nor heard, *fine copy, morocco elegant, gilt leaves, very rare*, 3*l.* 3*s.*

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James Haidmont

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH FORETOLD.—The following passage occurs in the works of Thomas the Rhymer:— Where?

When yoked cloud and snorting steed
Devour ye earth where'er it lead;
When lands and langs are bridged together
By flames as fast as bands of leather;
When turns ye sun mechanical,
To paint ye glass or print ye wall—
Then will a mighty Portent come,
To waste the world, and leave it dumb.
What time ye moon shall fill her horn,
Beneath ye lustful Capricorn,
Ere nineteen hundred years be told,
Since rose the God-child—Prophet knoll'd;
Be heedful then, Omega's frown
Shall haunt—saith Thomas of Erceldowne.

Merlin.

K

1830 aa. 25

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SACRO ET AUGUST. MONAR.

JACOBO,

MAGNÆ BRIT. GAL. ET HIB.
REGI, &c.

INvicte Regnum Regibus edite
Regnum BRITANNUM *qui imperio regis*
Regali; & unus Christiana
Regula, tum typus es regendi:
Regnum relictum funere regio,
Regnes receptum munere patrio,
Regnes beatus, nos regenãos,
usque tuæ soboli relinquens.

ALIUD

COnditor humanigeneris, custosque JEHOVAH
Nil homini tribuit, moderato Principe ma-
In quo vera Dei, vivensque elucet imago, (jus:
Effigiem quam fers, invicte Monarcha Britannum,
Expectate diu, cui vatum oracla priorum
Aurea composítis promittunt secula bellis,
Vive diu, sed vive DEO, vitaque peracta
Puriter, æterna compostus pace quiescas.

Prisca

1 Scotia mæſta dole, propria jam perdita prole,
Regibus orba tuis, fraude ſubacta tuis.
2 Proh dolor! ancilla fit libera, fraus perit illa,
Ignare ſobolis gens, perit ecce dolis.
3 Magnifici funus regis, dolor omnibus unus,
Subdita non legi, dat male Regna Regi.
4 O gravis anxietas, ſexus dolet omnis, & ætas:
Quem fera mors rapuit, natio Scota luit.
5 Pridem terra ferax, gens martia, natio verax,
Perdiderat gratum, quem tenuere ſtatum,
6 Duro conflictu, fortunæ mobilis ictu,
Sunt in deterius, verſa beata prius.
7 Sub juga veniſti, quæ victrix ante fuiſti:
Advena ſceptra gerit, quæ velit, enſe terit.
8 Anglorum nati, nec vi, nec more probati,
Væ tibi quod ſolo præda fuere dolo.
9 Gens invincibilis, gens fortis, genſque virilis,
Succubuit fatis, res miſeranda ſatis.
10 Gloria Scotorum vernans ætate priorum:
Vel tantæ cladis, obtenebrata cadis.
11 Ecce repentinæ ſunt hujus cauſa ruinæ;
Contemptus fidei, fraus, dolus, ira Dei.
12 Rerum cæcus amor, inopum oppreſſio, clamor
Jugis, plebs retegens, natio legis egens.
13 Faſtus majorum, vitiorum cauſa priorum,
Peccati fomes legis inepta comes.
14 Hunc cecinere ſtatum, veterum præſagia vatum,
Singula vovere quæ cecinere fere.
15 Scandala, terrores, plagas, varioſque dolores,
Ex ſerie fati Scotia diſce pati.
16 Gens ſurget ex te diverſa proſperitate,
Vix poterunt ſcribi, damna futura tibi.

17 Sed ne diſperes, quæ tantis luctibus hæres,
Non eſt perpetua plaga futura tua.
18 Credo licet fera, veterum præſagia vera,
In bonitate Dei, ſit tibi cura ſpei,
19 Nam quæ tot pateris, quæ jam captiva videris,
Tandem ſolveris, imperialis eris.
20 Deſuper eveniet tibi virtus, Scotia fiet
Ultima proſperior, quam tua vita prior.
21 Promittunt veteres, quod erit tibi bellicus hæres,
Qui ſua jura novans, Regna juvabit ovans.
22 Stragibus immenſis ſudabit Scoticus enſis,
Rex predet cunctos ultor ubique reos.
23 Irruet Angligena per eum gens, non ſine pæna,
Enſe, ſiti, fletu, peſte, tremore, metu
24 Hoſtibus afflictis, ſtratis, per prælia victis:
Scotia tuque tui, placida pace frui.

Alia Prophetica,

Milleſimus ſexcenteſimus mirabilis annus
Ternus erit, Scotis commoda magna ferens,
Ortus & interitus Regnum fatalis, & idem
Anglorum ad Scotum transferet imperium.

Alia Prophetica, de Cathedra Marmorea,

Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocumque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

Laus Jovæ, variæque hæres, hæres & Eliſæ,
Namque abeunt, tibi at adveniunt, ſine ſanguine regna.

The ſame in Scottiſh Meeter.

Old Scottiſh Prophecies.

SCotland, *be ſade now, and lament thy Child whom thou haſt loſt:*
Bereſt of Kings, falſly undone by thine unkindly hoſt.
2 *Alace! the free is bond become and deceit is thy fall;*
The falſhood of the brutiſh race, his brought thee into thral.
3 *The grave of the moſt noble Prince to all is great regrate,*
Not ſubject to law, who doth leave the Kingdom & Eſtate.
4 *O anguiſh great! where every kind of age doth lament,*
Whom bitter death hes tane away ſhall Scotland *ſore repent.*
5 *Lately a land of rich increaſe, a Nation ſtout and true,*
Hes loſt their former dear eſtate which they did hold of due.
6 *By hard conflict & by the chance of mobile Fortuns force,*
Thine hap and thy proſperity is turned into worſe.
7 *Thou wont to win, now is ſubdu'd and come in under yoke;*
A ſtrang r reigns, and doth deſtroy, what he likes with ſwords ſtroke
8 *The* Engliſh *race, whom neither force nor manner do approve.*
Wo is to thee, by guile and ſlight is only win above.
9 *The mighty Nation was too ſore invincible and ſtout,*
Hes yeelded low to Deſtiny: great pitty is but doubt.
10 *In former age the* Scots *renown did flowriſh goodly gay;*
But now alace! is overclad with a great dark decay.
11 *Then mark and ſee what is the cauſe of this ſo wondrous fall.*
Contempt of faith, falſhood, deceit, the wrath of GOD withall.
12 *Unſatiable greed of worlds gain, oppreſſion, cryes of poor,*
Perpetual a ſlandrous race no juſtice put in ure.

13 *The*

13 *The haughty pride of mighty men, of former vice chief cause,*
The nutriture of wickedneſs, an unjuſt match of Laws.
14 *Therefore this caſe the Prophets old of long time did preſage,*
As now hes hapned every point into this preſent age.
15 *Since fate is ſo, now* Scotland *learn in patience to abide*
Slanders, great fears, and ſudden plagues, and dolours mo beſide.
16 *For out of thee ſhal people riſe, with diverſe happineſs,*
And yet a pen can ſcarcely write thy hurt, skaith & diſtreſs.
17 *And yet beware thou not diſtruſt, although overwhelmed with grief,*
Thy ſtroke is not perpetual, for thou ſhalt find relief.
18 *I do ſuppoſe, although too late, old prophecies ſhal hold:*
Hope thou in Gods goodneſs ever, and mercies manifold.
19 *For thou that now a patient is, and ſeemeth to be bound,*
At liberty ſhal free be ſet, and with empire renownd.
20 *From high above ſhal grace come down, and ſtate thy* Scotland *be,*
In latter end more proſperous, nor former age did ſee.
21 *Old Prophecies for-tell to thee a warlike heir be's born,*
Who ſhal recover new his right, advance his Kingdoms horn.
22 *Then ſhall the* Scots *ſword ſweat with blood and ſlaughter which they make:*
The King himſelf revenger ſhal the guilty troups down wrack.
23 *The* Engliſh *Nation ſhal invade but not eſcape a plague,*
With ſword, with thirſt, with tears and peſt, with fear, and ſuch like ague.
24 *And after enemies be's thrown down, and mastered by war,*
Then Scotland *in peace quietly paſs joyful dayes for ever.*

when

When HEMPE is come, and alſo gone,
SCOTLAND and ENGLAND ſhall be all one.

K. HENRY, the eight	K. EDWARD, the ſixth.	Q. MARY,	K. PHILIP, of Spain	Q. ELIZAB. Q. M. husband.

HEMPE.

Praiſed be God alone, for HEMPE is come and gone,
And left us old ALBION, by peace joyned in one,

Tempore patet occulta veritas.
In time appeareth hidden truth.

MErling ſayes in his Book, who will read right,
Although his ſayings be uncouth, they ſhal be true found.
In the ſeventh chapter, read who ſo will,
One thouſand and more after Chriſts birth.
When the halnalider of Cornwel is called,
And the wolf out of Wales is vanquiſht for ay,
Then many ferlies ſhall fall, and many folk ſhal die;
Many ſelcouth ſhal be ſeen in all Chriſten lands,
In the Moon and the ſea, and ſigns in the Sun,
And in all Planets plainly that appears in the sky.
Then ſhal the Lyon be beſt in the broad North,
And a fellon flaw ſhal fall ſoon after,
And a ſhedding of blood within ſhort time.
Both the Moon and the Merns great dool ſhall make,
And all Mar ſhall mourn many dayes after.

The great Bear with his tusks the field ſhal loſe,
A ſell ſhowre of the South ſhal fade him forever,
And that Leid ſhal his life loſe in another land.
Then ſhal a Freik be foſtered far in the South
And to the Kyth ſhal he go that he came from,
With much wealth and worſhip ſhal he go home,
And inhabite Albany unto the end.
Both ye Yles and Arran at his own will,
Many men ſhal laugh when he home comes
But much ſelcouth ſhal be ſeen within ſhort time
At his own kind blood, there ſhal he begin:
Chooſe of the chieſeſt, and chop off their heads:
Some harled in ſteds, and hanged on hie,
Some put in priſon and much pain bide,
The Crab ſhal be out of his cliſt a long time,
With unkind blood, and yet ſhal recover:
And other beirns in whole baniſht for ever,
Covetice ſhal be his name, the King of that Kyth
For both his heart and his head ſhal be of flint forged:
No Lord ſhal live in that land but himſelf alone:
But they are brieved in bill, to keep them in baile
Yet ſhal a man of more vail mar him for ever,
For ſuddenly he ſhal go down, and die in a fen,
There ſhal no king come in that Kyth for a long time,
But a figure of the flowre, the faireſt of the firth,
The white flower and the red, ſo ſhal he be called.
In the mouth of Arran a ſelcouth ſhal fall,
Two bloodly Hearts ſhal be taken with a falſe train,
And derfly dung down without any dome:
Ireland, Orkney, and other lands many:
For the death of theſe two great dool ſhal make.
Then much ſorrow is ſeen within ſeven years,
But the Crab and the Cock, they ſhal eſcape:
For more harm that time they ſhal not have,
When the Raven roups, many ſhal rew,
From Cornwel to Caithneſs but they ſhal his cry hear,
When the Gled in his cliſt is climb'd to the hight,

He

He counts not the Lyon that is his kind Lord.
Then the Graip would govern all, and gapes thereafter
With great gifts of gold the flower would he get:
Come he once in his clooks, he covers it never,
Then would a poor cative be keeper of the kyth,
Yet shal it fail the freit that the fool thinks,
When the Cock crows, keep well his comb,
For the Fox and the Fulmart they are false both,
When the Raven and the Rock hes rounded together,
And the Kid in his clife shal accord to the same,
Then shal they be bold, and soon to bail after.
Then shal the Buck in belling time make a great bear,
It is but wind that he wasts, for he is but away:
Then shal waken up a war, and much wo after,
When the birds of the Reaven rugs and reaves,
And the leil men of Louthian be loppen on their horse,
Then shall the poor people be spoiled ful near,
And the Mers shal mourn many dayes after.
And all the Abbiestruly that stands upon Tweed,
And all Louthian shall live on their lives anter,
They shal burn and flay, and great riefs make.
There dare no poor man say whose man he is,
There shal the land be lawless, for love there is none,
And falshood shal have foot fully five years,
And truth truly shal be tint, and none shal trust other;
The Cousine onceshal not trust the other,
Nor the son the father, nór the father the son,
For to have his goods, he would have him hanged.
Then shal they a counsel cal for peace of the Kyth,
To make love among Lords, but that shal not last:
For these Barrons and Batchlers that will not obey,
That will not keep to their cry, nor come to their call,
Then shal men be marked for their misdeeds,
That shal turn them to teen within a while after,
When 14 are past, and twise three, the threep is at end,
And over a water he shal, and fair see for himself,
And in a fair forrest shal an Eirn big,

Many

Many men ſhal loſe their life in the mean time,
For they ſhal pitch a field, and fiercely fight.
Upon a broad moor a battel ſhall be,
Beſide a ſtock Croſs that ſtands in the North:
It is covered with dead corps, and all of a kyth,
That the crow may not know where the Croſs ſtood.
The wolf ſhal be watch-man, and keep many wayes,
And ſhall be leil to the Lyon, his own kind Lord.
Holy Church is cumbered with the beſt of the kyth,
With languages that lives not by Chriſt, but that ſhal not laſt,
From Balcomy to the Baſs on the broad ſea,
And from Ireland in the Forth ſhal be a fair ſight
Of barges and billingers, and many broad ſail,
With three libbers and the flowr deluce fair upon hight,
Then ſhall an hunter in haſte come forth of the South,
With many ratches in row, ruled full right,
And ſhall go on his foot over the water of Forth,
And in Fife ſhall he fight, and the field win,
And the Chiſtains ſhal die on the either ſide.
When the man in the Moon is moſt in his might,
Then ſhall Dumbarton turn up that is down,
And the mouth of Arran both at one time,
And the Lord with the lucken hand his life ſhal he loſe,
For covetouſneſs and treaſon, that loſes the land.
When the craigs of tarbet is tumbled in the ſea,
At the next Summer after ſorrow for ever.
Beids books have I ſeen, Baneſters alſo,
Marvelous Merling and all accords in one:
Marvelous Merling is waſted away,
With a wicked woman, wo might ſhe be:
For ſhe hath cloſed him in a craig on Cornwel coaſt.
When the cock in the North hath builded his neſt,
Busked his birds, and bowned him to flee;
Then ſhal fortune his friend the gates up caſt,
And right ſhal have his free entrie.
Then riſe ſhall the Moon in the North-weſt,
In a clould as black as the bill of a crow;

hen is looſed a Lyon, the boldeſt, and the beſt
hat was born in Britain ſince Arthurs dayes.
hen ſhal a dreadful dragon dreſs him from his den,
o help the Lyon with his great might:
bull and a baſtard ſpurs ſhal ſpend;
o abide with the bear; to reckon his rights.
A libbert engendred of native kind,
ith the ſtern of Bethlehem, ſhall riſe in the South:
n horſe and an anthelop boldly ſhall abide,
bear and a brock, with berns ſo bright,
proud Prince in the preaſe Lordly ſhall light,
ith bold Barons in buſhment to battel ſhal wend;
hen ſhal the Prophecy prove that Thomas of tells.
any comely Knights is caſt underfoot,
hat ſhal make maides mourn that in bowr dwels:
he dreadful day of deſtiny ſhal drive to the night,
hal make maidens and wives in mourning be brought.
hen they meet in the morning with the Moon light.
etwixt Seton and the ſea ſorrow ſhal be wrought,
here the Lyon ſhall be hurt, and not perceived:
hen ſhal he braid to the beſt that him the hurt wrought
nd many ſtern in that ſtound ſhal fold to the free,
nd the proudeſt in the preaſe ſhal to bail be brought.
he fey fox and the fulmert in arms are taken,
nd led to the Lyon, law to abide:
he pyper and the pye ſhal ſuffer the ſame:
ll the friends of the fox ſhal be fey made.
hen ſhal Troy untrue tremble for dread,
or dreaddor of the dead man, when they hear him ſpeak
ll the commons of the kyth ſhall caſt him the keys.
he buſhments of Beverlaw therewith ſhal break.
When war men and woods away went,
nd every ſeed in his ſeaſon kindly is ſet,
nd right well ruled, and falſhood is fled:
hen ſhall be plenty of peace, when laws have no let.
he ſpouſe of God ſhal ſing with a joyful ſong,
hanking God thereofand the Trinity.

And

And all graee and goodneſs ſhal grow us among:
And every fruit ſhal have plenty by Land and Sea;
Then the Sun and the Moon ſhal ſhine bright,
That many dayes afore dark hath been,
And keep their courſeboth day and night,
With more mirth then men have ſeen.
As Berlingtons books, and Banester us tels,
Merling, and many mo, that with marvels mels,
And alſo *Thomas Rymer* in his tale tels.
They ſay, the Saxons ſhal chooſe them a Lord,
That ſhal make them greatly to fall under:
The dead man ſhall riſe and make them accord,
And this is much wonder and ſlight,
That he that was dead and buried in ſight
Shal riſe again, and live in the land,
In comfort of a young Knight,
That Fortune hath choſen to be her Husband.
The wheel ſhall turn to him full right,
That Fortune hath choſen to be her fiere,
In Sutrey ſhal he ſhew a ſight,
In Babylon bring many a beirn or beir.
Fifteen miles from Jeruſalem the holy croſſe win ſhal h
The ſame Lord that bears the Lyon,
At Stranfoord wan the gree.
Fortune hath granted him the victory,
Since firſt that he arms bare:
For without treaſon or traitory,
Deſtiny ſhal not him deir,
While kind of age till him drive,
For every man on Mold muſt die:
But end he ſhal in the land of Chriſt;
And in the vale of Jehoſaphat buried ſhal he be.

The Prophecie of Beid

BEtwixt the chief of Summer, and the ſaid Winte
Before the heat of the Harveſt happen ſhal a war,
Th

t Europs lands earneſtly ſhall be wrought,
l earneſt envy ſhal laſt but a while:
the Lyon with his luſtly flowres,
harm of hard heat ſhal hap him with leaves:
en ſpeed and ſpread him to Spain into Winter,
flowers in the Forth ſhal follow him on.
Calender ſhal cry, Cornwel the noble,
d inherit all Albany at his own will,
vy to all Alliers anone to be wrocken
l Almoſcyclans, and Albany the ſame,
l recover Caſtles and Towns out of Saxens hands:
hen Britoners ſhal beat them with brands of ſteel,
ere ſhal no baſtard blood bide in their Lands.
banus that time King of the earth,
banactus King and Lord of the Land.
the Lilly ſhal lean, and love none other,
e Lyon leader of all, and Lord of all beaſts,
l lean to the Lilly, and live him with:
d ſhal ſtir him to ſtrive by the ſtream of Humber,
e ſtep-ſons the Lyon ſturdily of themſelves,
ey ſhal ſtart up with ſtrife, and ſtir all at once,
d ſtrike down the ſtep-ſons, and deſtroy them forever
ther love they the Lilly nor the Lyon,
t the Lilly ſhal be lowſe, when they leaſt ween,
en all ſhal happen to the Hart, happen as it may,
d the tail of the Summer toward the Harveſt,
then the Lilly ſhal be looſed when they leaſt think,
en clear Kings blood ſhal quake for fear of death.
r Churles ſhal chop off heads of their chief beirns,
d carve off the crowns that Chriſt hath anointed,
this muſt deſtiny drive to an end.
An Eagle out of the Eaſt, a venterous beaſt,
l be glad flowrs to fang in the firſt ſeaſon,
d ſtir to the ſtep-ſon, and ſtrike them together:
d bands bruckle, bail to begin,
r he would Garlands get of theſe fair flowrs
at in Summer ſeaſon ſpreads ſo fair.

Buc

But ſoon ſhal fail the freit that the fool thinks,
A fell Northern flaw ſhal fade him for ever.
Hereafter on either ſide ſorrow ſhal ariſe,
The barges of clear Barons down ſhal be ſunken:
Seculars ſhal ſit in ſpiritual ſeats,
Occupying Offices, annointed as they were,
The true tittle to purchaſe that the truth holds.
They ſhal torment them with torments anew.
Then Barons ſhal busk on their beſt wiſe,
Attour the fels, to fair with a fey fox bird,
Turn firſt to Chriſt with toads wiles:
But ſoon the toad ſhal be tint, and histime loſed,
They ſhal eſcape ſuch achak, eſchew who ſo may
Then ſhal the nobleſt eſcape with the felles,
Yet ſhal the one fox in the field eſcape:
The falcon ſhal be looſed in his wings.
Who ſo truſt not this tale, nor the term knows,
Let him on Merling Mean, and his merry words,
And true Thomas told in his time after.
At Sandfoord ſhal be ſeen example of their deeds,
Yet it muſt overdrive the toad in his busk.
Busk thee now Berwick with thy broad walls,
Thou ſhalt incline to thy King that is thy kind Lord:
As Saint Beid of that burgh in his book ſayes,
Thou ſhalt with the Lyon lean, and liſten for ever.
Though thou be ſubject to the Saxons, ſorrow thou not
Thou ſhalt be looſed at laſt, believe thou in Chriſt,
And every language ſhal have his Lordſhip to brook.
It was not loſt, but lent for a little time.
Bold Berwick be blyth with thy broad walls,
Thou ſhalt to the Lyon ſtoop, as Lord of his own:
Let never the libbert lippen longer a day,
In bold Britain to brook a foot-broad of earth.
Who ſo doubts of this deed, or denyes hereon,
I do them well for to know the date is deviſed:
Take the foremoſt of middle-earth, and mark by thy ſe
With four creſcents cloſed together:

Then of the Lyon the longeſt ſee thou chooſe.
Looſe not the Lyoneſs, let her ly ſtill.
If thou caſt through caſe the courſe of the heaven,
Take Saint Andrews croſs thriſe:
Keep well theſe teachments, as Clarks have told,
Thus begins the date, deem as thou likes:
Thou ſhalt not ceaſe in that ſeat aſſumed in the text,
Or the hight of the heat neareſt the winter.
No tail of the term will I thee tell,
But chaſtity the Chiftain of their chief wrongs.
Or in the hight of Harveſt, heard of thy ſelf,
Shal wicked weird undo, and to the right.
And this, ere I wiſt, I wakened anone,
Though I write as it was, I wiſt it not.

The Propheſie of Merling.

ITis to fall when they it find,
That fell on face is fain to flee,
That comendare of ſtordlings ſtrind,
Waving through the work of wind:
The bear his muſſel ſhalup bind,
And never after bound ſhal be.
Away the other ſhal wave with wind,
And as they come, ſo ſhal they flee.
Syce ſhal up, and Sink ſhal under,
The dead ſhal riſe and work great wonder,
And joy ſhal riſe to man and wife,
The ſorrowful ſhal ſtill of ſtrife.
All men ſhal joy of his reſurrection,
And in ſpecial men of Religion.
The morter is ready the peſtel alſo,
The ſauſe ſhal be bitter, and that to his foe,
And the devils alſo ſhal helpen to.
Then the banks of Beil ſhal bloom all about:
Then hie thee hurcheon to Hales, and cloſe thee therein,
Thou ſhalt be werped with a wind, and plucked ilk pen,

Shal

Shal, never doun on thy skin, nor birs be thee left,
The thunder ſhal work thy hold to the cold earth,
Shal never ſtone upon ſtone, nor ground be thee left,
And ſo that wretched work is deſtroyed for ever.
There ſhal a Gaylart Goat with a golden horn,
A Pilledow; with a Toad, ſuch a prime hold,
With their Pears in a place by a ſtream ſide,
To ſtrive with the ſtream, but they no ſtrength have,
For their moving they meet in the mid way,
All the grooms ſhal grounch by the way ſide,
And many bairns that have his bych on the back-ſide,
And that marvel ſhal fall by a Firth ſide,
Where the leader of the Land ſhal his life loſe,
But that bargain ſhal brew in a bare Burgh,
That ſhal baniſh from bliſſe many bright helme,
When it is brieved of his back, and his brief known,
Of dumb Organs dight, then may thou well deem,
Of all the well and the wealth-before then was wrought
With hunger and hirſhip on every hill,
Yet this wicked world ſhal laſt but a while:
While a Chiftain unchoſen chooſe forth himſelf,
And ride over the Region, and for Roy holden,
Then this ſcutifiers ſhal skail all the fair South,
From Drumbarton to Dover, and deal all the lands
He ſhal be Kid conquerour, for he is kind Lord
Of all Britain that bounds to the broad ſea,
The conqueſſing ſhal be keeped, and never conqueſt after.
By the coaſt ye ſhal know when the Knight comes,
He hes a mark in the middle, where no man may know,
When he is ſet in the Eaſt when the Sun riſeth,
He hes a ſign ſhal ſhew on the South ſide,
Signum venenoſi ſanguinis de ventre matris ſuæ,
All Wales I wiſh ſhal went with that Roy,
For to work his will, where he think would,
Guiane, Gaskoin and Britain the blyth,
Shal busk to his bidding on their beſt wiſe,
The whole men will help in his moſt hight.

Then

hen ſhall he turn into Tuskane but treaty or trew,
nd busk him over the mountains on mid winter even,
nd then go to Rome and rug down the walls,
nd over all the Region Roy ſhal he holden.
ft in this book have I ſeen, and better thereafter,
f marvellous Merling, but is waſted away,
ith a wicked woman wo might ſhe be.

The Propheſie of Berlington.

WHen the Ruby is raiſed, reſt there is none,
But much rancour ſhal riſe in river and plain,
uch ſorrow is ſeen through a ſleuth hound,
hat bears horns in his head like a wild Hart:
hen a Brock ſhal make a braid on a broad field,
nd a Hound ſhal bear aback with a brim face:
he ſlouthful Slouth hound ſhal ſlay him for ever,
hrough a treaty of a trew, a train ſhal be made,
hat Scotland ſhal rue, and England for ever,
or the which Gladſmoor & Govanmoor gapes thereafter
hen ſhal the banks af Bell bloom all about.
hen hye the Hurcheon to Hales, and cloſe thee therein;
hou ſhalt be wraped with a wind, and plucked ilk pen.
hal never doun on thy skin, not birs be thee left,
thunder ſhal work thine hold to the cold earth,
hal never ſtone upon ſtone, on ground be thee left,
nd ſo this wretched beaſt is deſtroyed for ever
When faith fails in Prelats ſawes,
nd temporal Lords will hold new Laws
nd Lechery holden for privy ſolace,
nd reef holden for good purchaſe,
hen Rome is divided into two parts,
nd every Prieſt hath the Popes power,
hen ſhal the land of Albany,
e put to great perplexity.
an ſin forthink, and miſſe a mend,
read God, do Law, think on the end,

Betwixt Temptallon and the Baſs,
Thou ſhalt ſee a right fair fight,
Of barges and billingers, and many broad ſail,
With three libberts and the flowrdeluce hie upon hight
And ſo the dreadful dragon ſhal riſe from his den,
And from the deep doughty ſhal draw to the hight.
Of Bruces left ſide ſhal ſpring out a leaf,
As near as the ninth degree,
And ſhal be fleemed of fair Scotland,
In France far beyond the ſea:
And then ſhal come again riding,
With eyes that many men may ſee:
At Aberlady he ſhal light,
With hempen helters and horſe of tree.
On Gosfoord green it ſhal be ſeen,
On Glads-moor ſhal the battle be.
Now Albany thou make thee bown,
At his bidding be thou prompt:
He ſhal deal both tower and town,
His gifts ſhal ſtand for evermore.
Then boldly bown thee thereafter.
Upon a broad moor a battle ſhal be,
Beſide a ſtob of croſs of ſtone,
Which on the moor ſtands hie.
It ſhal be clearly clad over with corps of Knights,
That the crow may not know where the croſs ſtood,
Many wife ſhal weep, and ſyce ſhal under,
The dead ſhal riſe, and that ſhal be wonder,
And raxe him rudely in his ſhire ſhield,
For the great comfort of a new King.
Now hie powake with thy proud ſhowes,
Take thy part of the pelf when the pack opens
It ſhal not be Gladſmoor by the ſea,
It ſhal be Gladſmoor where ever it be,
And the little lown that ſhal be,
Is betwixt the Lowmond and the ſea.
And well is the man in all his life,

That

That hath a cote-houſe into Fife:
And yet once ſhal come the day,
He would the cote-houſe were away.
And there ſhal come an hound out of the South,
With him a rayment of ratches ruled right,
And actor for the keinly ſhal he come,
And in Fyfe ſhal fight, and the field win:
Yet ſhal a Northern flaw fail him for ever,
And kill him to confuſion, and return never.
An eagle then ſhal come out of the North,
With a flock of birds, fair at the flight,
Which ſhal make many foot founder and fall.
Then ſhal a Ghoſt come out of the Weſt,
With him a fair meinye,
Upon the eagle make him bown:
But he ſo nye then ſhal he flee,
I cannot tell you what he height,
A baſtard trow I beſt he be:
His name ſhal not be exprimed as now
For he was gotten with a Lady in privity.
His doughty deed is without al doubt,
Shal comfort all his company.
However it happen for to fall,
The Lyon ſhal be Lord of all.
The French wife ſhall bear the ſon,
Shal weild all Britain to the ſea;
And from the Bruces blood ſhal come,
As near as the ninth degree.
Marvelous Merling that many men of tels,
And Thomas ſayings comes all at once:
Though their ſayings be ſelcouth, they ſhal be ſooth found,
And there ſhal all our glading be.
The crow ſhal ſit upon a ſtone,
And drink the gentle blood ſo free,
Take of the ribs, and bare to her birds:
As God hath ſaid, ſo muſt it be.
Then ſhal Ladies lads wed,

And brook Caſtles and Towrs hie.
Beid hath brieved in his book, and Banſter alſo,
Marvellous Merling, and all accords in one:
Thomas the true, that never ſpake falſe,
Conſents to their ſayings, and the ſame term hath taken
Yet ſhal there come a keen Knight over the ſalt ſea,
A keen man of courage, and bold man of arms,
A Dukes ſon doubled, a born man in France,
That ſhal our mirths amend, and mend all our harm,
After the date of our Lord 1513. & thriſe three thereafter
Which ſhal brook all the broad Iſle to himſelf.
Betwixt 13. and thriſe three, the threip ſhal be ended,
The Saxons ſhal never recover after.
He ſhal be crowned in the Kyth, in the Caſtle of Dover,
Which wears the golden garland of Julius Ceſar.
More worſhip ſhal he win of greater worth,
Then ever Athur himſelf had in his dayes:
Many doughty deeds ſhal he do thereafter,
Which ſhal be ſpoken of many dayes better.

The Propheſie of Thomas Rymer.

STill on my wayes as I went,
Out through a land beſide a lee,
I met a beirn upon the way,
Me thought him ſeemly for to ſee:
I asked him wholly his intent,
Good Sir, if your will be,
Since that you bide upon the bent,
Some uncouth tydings tell thou me:
When ſhal all theſe wars be gone,
That leel men may live in lee?
Or when ſhal falſhood go from home,
And laughty blow his horn on hie?
I looked from me not a mile.
And ſaw two Knights upon a lee,
They were armed ſeemly new,
Two croſſes on their breaſts they bare.

And they were clad in diverſe hew,
Of ſunder Countreys as they were.
The one was red as any blood,
Set in a ſhield a dragon keen:
He ſtirr'd his ſteed as he were mad,
With cral bed word ſharp and keen,
Right to the other beirn him by:
His horſe was all of ſilver ſheen,
In it a ramping Lyon keen,
Seemly into gold was ſet,
His border was of azure ſheen,
His ſhield was ſhaped right ſeemly,
With ſilk and ſable well was plet.
I looked from me over a green,
And ſaw a Lady on a lee,
That ſuch an one had I never ſeen,
The light of her ſhined ſo hie,
Attour the moor whereat ſhe fure:
The fields me thought fair and green.
She rode upon a ſteed full ſture,
That ſuch an one had I ſeldom ſeen.
Here ſteed was white as any milk,
His top, his tail were both full blae:
A ſad ſadle ſewed with ſilk,
As all were gold, it glittered ſae,
His harneſſing was of ſilk of Inde,
Set with precious ſtones free:
He ambled on a noble kind.
Upon her head ſtood crowns three,
Here garment was of gowls gay,
But other colour ſaw I none.
A flying fowl then I ſaw,
Light beſide her on a ſtone:
A ſtoup into her hand ſhe bare,
And holy water ſhe had ready;
She ſprinkled the field both here and here,
Said, Here ſhal many dead corps ly,

At yon bridge, upon yon burn,
Where the water runs bright and ſheen,
There ſhal many ſteeds ſpurn,
And Knights die through battles keen.
To the two Knights then did ſhe ſay,
Let be your ſtrife, my Knights free,
Ye take your horſe, and ride your way,
As God hath ordained, ſo muſt it be.
Saint Andrew thou haſt the hight,
Saint George thou art mine own Knight:
Thy wrongous heirs ſhal work thee wo.
Now are they on their wayes gone,
The Lady and the Knights two:
To that beirn then can I ment,
And asked tydings, by my ſay:
What kind of light was that, I ſaid,
Thou ſheweſt to me upon yon lee?
Or where from came yon Knights two?
They ſeemed of a far Countrie.
That Lady that I let thee ſee,
That is the Queen of heaven ſo bright:
The fowl that flew by her knee,
That is Saint Michael much of might:
The Knights two, the field to ta,
Where many men in field ſhal fight:
Know ye well, it ſhal be ſa,
That die ſhal many a gentle Knight.
With death ſhal many doughty deal,
The Lords ſhal be then away.
There is none Herret that can tell
Who ſhal win the field that day.
A crowned King in arms three,
Under the banner ſhal be ſet:
Two falſe and fained ſhal be,
The third ſhal light and make great let.
Banners five again ſhal ſtrive,
And come in on the other ſide.

The white Lyon ſhal beat them down,
And work them wo with wounds wide.
The bears head with the red Lyon,
So ſeemly into red gold ſet,
That day ſhal ſlay the King with crown,
Though many Lords make great let.
There ſhal attour the water of Forth,
Set in gold the red Lyon,
And many Lords out of the North,
To that battle that ſhal make them bown:
There ſhal creſcents come full keen,
That wears the croſs as red as blood:
On every ſide ſhal be ſorrow ſeen,
Defouled is many daughty food.
Beſide a loch upon a lee,
They ſhal aſſemble upon a day,
And many doughty men ſhal die:
Few in quyet ſhal be found away.
Our Scottiſh King ſhal come full keen,
The red Lyon beareth he:
A feathered arrow ſharp I ween:
Shal make him wink, and war to ſee:
Out of the field he ſhal be led,
When he is bloody, and wo for blood:
Yet to his men then ſhall he ſay,
For Gods love you turn again,
And give yon Southern folk a fray:
Why ſhould I loſe? the right is mine:
My date is not to die this day.
Yonder is falſhood fled away,
And laughty blows his horn on hie.
Our bloody King that wears the crown,
Full boldly ſhal the battle bide:
His Banner ſhal be beaten down,
And hath none hold his head to hide.
The ſterns three that day ſhal die,
That bears the heart in ſilver ſheen:

There is no riches, gold nor fee,
May lengthen his life an hour, I ween.
Thus through the field that Knight ſhal ride,
And twiſe reſcue the King with crown,
He will make many a banner yeeld.
The Knight that bears the toads three,
He will by force the field to tae:
But when he ſees the Lyon die,
Think ye be well, he will have wae,
Beſide him lights beirns three,
Two are white, the third is blae,
The toads three ſhal ſlay the two,
The third of them ſhal make him die:
Out of the field ſhal go no more,
But one Knight and knaves three.
There comes a Banner red as blood,
In a ſhip of ſilver ſheen,
With him comes many ferly food,
To work the Scots much hurt and woe.
There comes a Ghoſt out of the Weſt,
Is of another language then he,
To the battle bowns him beſt,
As ſoon as he the Senyour can ſee.
The ratches works them great wanreſt,
Where they are rayed on a lee:
I cannot tell who hath the beſt,
Each one of them makes another die.
A white ſwan ſet into blae,
Shal ſemble from the South ſea,
To work the Northern folk great wae.
For know you well, thus ſhal it be.
The ſtaiks aught with ſilver ſet
Shal ſemble from the other ſide,
Till he and the ſwan be met.
They ſhal work wo with wounds wide,
Through wounds wide their weeds have wet,
So boldly will their beirns bide.

It is no reck who gets the beſt,
They ſhall both die in that ſame tide.
There comes a Lord out of the North,
Riding upon an horſe of tree,
That broad lands hath beyond Forth,
The white hinde beareth he,
And two Ratches that are blevv,
S t into Gold that is ſo free:
That day the eagle ſhall him ſlay,
And then put up his banner hie.
The Lord that bears the loſans three,
Set into gold vvith govvels tvvo,
Before him ſhall a battel be:
He vvears a banner that is blevv,
Set vvith Peacock tails three,
And luſty Ladies heads tvvo:
Unfain of one each other ſhall be,
All through grief together they go,
I cannot tell vvho vvins the gree,
Each one of them ſhall other ſlay;
The Eagle gray ſet into green,
That vvears the harts heads three,
Out of the South he ſhall be ſeen,
To light and ray him on a lee,
With fifty-five Knights that are keen,
Aud Earles either tvvo or three:
From Carleil ſhall come bedeen,
Again ſhall they it never ſee.
At Pinkin Cleugh there ſhall be ſpilt
Much gentle blood that day:
There ſhall the bear loſe the gil
And the eagle bear it avvay.
Before the vvater men calls Tyne,
And there over layes a bridge of ſtone:
The bears three loſe the gree.
There ſhall the Eagle vvin his name.
There comes a beaſt out of the vveſt,

With him ſhal come a fair minyie,
His banner hath been ſeldom ſeen,
A baſtard trow I beſt he be;
Gotten with a Lady ſheen,
With a Knight in privity:
His arms are ful eath to know.
The red Lyon beareth he,
That Lyon ſhal forſaken be,
And be right glad to flee away
Into an Orchard on a lee,
With herbs green and allies gray,
There wil he inlaked be,
His men ſayes, Harmeſay:
The Eagle puts his banner on hie.
And ſayes, the field he won that day.
There ſhal the Lyon lye ful ſtil,
Into a valley fair and bright,
A Lady ſhouts with words ſhril,
And ſays, Wa with thee coward Knight,
Thy men are ſlain upon yon hill,
To dead are many doughty dight.
Thereat the Lyon liketh ill,
And raiſeth his banner hie on hight,
Upon the moor that is ſo gray,
Beſide an headleſs Croſs of ſtone,
There ſhal the Eagle die that day,
And the red Lyon win the name.
The Eagles three ſhal loſe the gree,
That they have had this many day,
The red Lyon ſhal win renown,
Win all the field and bear away,
One Crow ſhal come, another ſhal gae,
And drink the gentle blood ſo free.
When all theſe ferlies were away,
Then ſaw I none, but I and he,
Then to the beirn couth I ſay,
Where dwels thou? Or in what Countrey?

Or

r who ſhal rule the Ile Britain,,
rom the North to the South ſea?
he French wife ſhal bear the Son,
al rule all britain to the ſea:
hat of the Bruces blood ſhal come,
s near as the ninth degree,
frained faſt, what was his name?
Whence that he came, from what Countrey?
Erſlingtoun, I dwel at hame,
omas Rymer men call me.

The Propheſie of Waldhave.

UPon Lowdon-Law alone as I lay
Looking to the Lennox, as me lief thought;
he firſt morning of *May*, Medicine to ſeek,
or malice and melody that moved me ſore,
ay down, and leaned me, and lifted wel ſleep,
pon the height of an hill, as the voice bade.
nd as I lyed down, and heilded mine eyes,
heard I an hoarſe voice, and an hie cry,
hat bade me, *Waldhave* beware, and me wel keep,
or fear of a wild beaſt, that his weird dries.
herewith I ſtoniſh, and ſtood, and ſtart on my feet,
nd ſained me on every ſide, as the voice bade,
hen I looked but let, lightly me frae,
nd ſaw an hirſal on hie of Hares together,
n hundred I hope, wel wholly there was:
hen of Foxes, a flock, fully fiveſcore:
ll following on a fierce beaſt, that rudely them chaſt,
hat was all wood through weird, woful to ſee.
ght ragged and rent, and riven in pieces.
battel with baſtoun, he bare on his broad lufes,
ke a brimful beirn, battel to make,
e thought to effray, and them faſt preſſed,
s he in fold would them fang, firm at his wil:
t when he ſaw me vvith ſight, ſoon he them left,

And vvhen he ſhundred avvay, no more I them ſavv;
Then groaning grimly, he girt to me ſoon,
As Gerrert the great ſhrevv had done for the Nonce,
He ſtruck faſt vvith his ſtaff, and ſtonisht me ſore;
But I keeped him by Chriſt, vvith a keen vveapon,
That vvas my ſvvord, till I ſvvet, ſvvinging me about,
And a buckler vvell broad that keeped me beſt,
So freſhly he forced me meat for to make,
That ſhundren on the fold, and his feet ſnappered:
The baſton on the bent ſore braſed him fra,
And I but baid on his breaſt, bowned my ſelf.
All grufflings on the ground graciouſly him held,
Through grace of the great God, that had me warned
He yelped, he yalmered, and yovvled lovvd,
And ſtrugled faſt his ſtrength, and ſtruck upon loft,
But I held him be the hair, as mine hap was,
And height to hurt him full ſore, but he him ſtill held,
And conjured him by Chriſt, and his Mother dear,
And he ſhould ſhevv me to his kith and kin,
But long vvas it that he lay ere he ſpeak might,
And at the laſt he can leave, and lightly he ſaid,
Wald have, vvit thou that well hath thee hapened;
Thou thought not that thy weird this wrought ſhould
But let me riſe of this race, and reſt thee beſide,
And I ſhall readily, vvithout riot, thee marvels tell:
Great grace haſt thou gotten, that got me this time.
I ſhall grieve thee no more, ſo is thy grace turned.
But yet I truſted not his tale, vvhile he his truth gave,
By the law and the lead, that he lived on,
That I ſure ſhould be, and ſafe, and none ill betide:
Then let I him riſe, and leaned on his ſhoulder,
And great marvel of his face, and his form had.
He vvas formed like a freik all his four quarters:
And then his chin and his face haired ſo thick,
With hair grovving ſo grim, fearful to ſee.
I frained at him formoſt, the fear of himſelf,
Why his figure and his face was ſo fearce made?

f wearie of the vvorld? Or vvhat him ailed?
He girned, he gaſped, and groaned full ſore,
Wept vvith his gray-eyes, and ſuddenly he ſaid,
Good game all the vvay, is as God vvill:
For he is grieved through my guilt, and I no grace ſerved;
My vvild vvanton vvill, end my miſdeeds,
I may know of all vvoe, and my vveird, alas!
Becauſe of my ſin, that I ſerved ever,
Hath this ſorrovv and this ſight ſent unto me.
By trouble of my kin, that I am off come,
Hath me turned in this care, and carefull me made:
That I have no hope of help, ſo help me our Lord,
While he that put me in grief once grace ſend,
Frain thou no further of my foot lets.
Of other vvorks, as I wot, as if thou likes:
Thine etling thou ask may, for anſvver I ſhall,
In Woods and Wilderneſs, vvhere many vvayes lies,
That I hearkned and heard, I height thee to ſay,
Then frovvned I fiercely of this frivole world,
What to be of vvar, if he vviſt ought?
Or vvho ſhould wield us in this world that ſorrow dries,
To give us of good vvill, and get us to peace?
If there is fruits in this vvorld that ſo much vvorth is,
Should have fuſion on force, and any fair after?
And then he looked to the ground, & wept all a while;
And he groaned for grief: vveeping he ſaid,
Much anger and evil hath this Iſle chooſed,
All though Oggered and Ciſt, and Elvins Knight;
Brutus, thy bairn-time hes much bail choſen.
Since firſt in Britain to lend thou vvas brought:
Sickneſs and ſorrovv, and ſereneſs ſet vvith ſyth,
When thou ſembled to the ſea under ſail ſound.
Norovvay hath niddered them, and to meed brought,
That hath nevved their names, and named themſelves,
Engliſh, that are Eaſt ſood, and Edryans bairns:
But all the anger that they make, their ovvn ſhall be,
That vvoful Weſtmoorland, vvo mote no thee betide,

For thou with war and thy wrong bairns,
When thou mels with the Mers, & mixed with the sam
Much malice and mischief thou made for thy self?
Beirns and Banners thou brought upon loft,
With burning and bail hath wrought sorrow:
Carlile thy Captains hath much wa wrought, (litt
Thou shalt compelled be with care; thou thinks it b
Thou shalt thy gates yarn, thou yarns not thereafter;
Thou shalt yalmur and yel that all York shal it hear;
Then the town shal be tint trow thou not else:
Thy tops and thy turnats tumbled to the ground,
No false fortune so fel, hes thee at feed,
That force shal fail thee, when thou best thinkest,
And lippens on London to lead thee for ever,
On Linton and Lindsay, and Lancaster shires.
There shal a Lyon be lowsed that a Lord is,
Both of London and Lorn, as the Law wil
He shal alleage to be Leige, and the Law make;
Leave nought upon loft, but waste them for ever.
All the strengths of the Coast, and Castles every one,
He shal unclose them to his Crown, and over them come
Burgane, Bamburgh, as he by rides;
And Butlings beat it down, and burn it for ever.
The water shal welcome him, and the waves of the sea,
While he have won on hie all that he thinks.
Through his truth upon Tweed; shal be turned after,
If who will count the time of the year
It even eeking the hour, and the day come,
And angred for evermore: this old men divises.
Needless thou Norhame, for nought that thou lookest
There is a Neker in the North thy nest shal destroy:
Thou shalt be wasted of thy works for thy wrong deeds:
There shal no warrand thee weir that thou winks after.
A black Bear and a Brock, and a Bull head,
A Boar vvhelp, with a Brock, and a broad head,
Shal then bound in their bours,&bear them down forsut
And build them up their walls, as they best think.

Re

Red Roxburgh thy role, and ready the bown,
Thy root is new raiſed up, and rotten in ſunder,
Three Ravens and a Rook ſhal on thy rock ſit
And rolp loudly ſhal they, that Rome ſhall it hear,
From Roſs to Roſdeen was that right may be,
Ready the reſcours, thou reſt no more;
For it is but reaſon the rights and rents be gathered.
What jangleſt thou Jadburgh, thou jages for nought;
There ſhal a guileful groom dwel thee within:
The tower that thou truſts in, as the truth is,
Shal be traced with a trace, trow thou none other.
The new Caſtle is keen, keeped ful wel,
Thereto take ye good heed, nor come not therein;
A hird with a hand-bow ſhal the hird keep,
Hie in holine, and in an hair vvood,
Both his horns ſhal he hang, and haſte him therewith.
Dreſs thee now, Dumbar, and do for the time:
Thou haſt a dread for the drake that thee drown would.
Thine heels are ſo hard ſet with halmers of ſteel,
Wel heavy therefore, hold the ful ſtil.
The new work that is next on the North ſtream,
Shal caſt a blinck to the Baſs, when the blink ſhines;
Be it guided with wit, and will be no waiſter;
There ſhal no waiſter it wield, nor none ill doer.
Hales, hold the at home, ſo hold I it beſt;
For hap thou to Haildown, thou art hurt for ever.
There is an Hurcheon in an hurſt, in Herriot moor,
Hath marred the Myrſnape in Minto Craigs,
That hath manſions moved, maugre of his teeth,
Dirlton and Dalkeith, they dread no more elſe,
But the Down and the Dow that the Drake leads:
The Dragon they drown would, but deviſe of France,
Doth from them doughtily, as he hath done ever.
Edinburgh, that old craig, is angered ful ſore,
For the aw of the airn that in the Eaſt builds.
He hath a Falcons feir, that in far lands
Both his feddering and his flight gathered.

Needleſs they noy them, that is for nought,
For they never in the neſt ſhall novvriſh their birds.
Striveling that ſtrait place, a ſtrength of the land,
Why vvith Strabrook and Stathern ſtrives thou to yarn,
When Strabogy ſkall deſtroy all the Straiberies,
The ſtrands of Strabrook ſhall ſtream them with blood.
Three ſtorks in a ſtall ſhall ſtand them before,
Stuffed all in ſteel weed, all on horſe back:
Their ſtoutneſs ſhal ſtint, and ſtoniſh themſelves,
For ſtroaks ſo ſtive ſhal ſtint them vvithin.
Do novv Dumbartoun, while thy days laſt,
A vvretched cloud in the Weſt, as Elders thee call:
For thou art in a Craig, thou now care dreads,
Bear thee vvel to Bothvvel, and build it up all.
Then Crawford and Cumnock vvith clean men of arms,
Let not light the Lois leap out of rovvn:
For thou art Lord of the lands, and a new Alban King.
To Dovvglas novv do vvel, and it dear hold:
For Dovvglas the doughty may endure weel:
Deal the beſt of the lands that longeth thee to,
Feed them with fairneſs, and with fair words.
Fy on the fellowſhip that hath a falſe end.
Cat[illegible] and curſt men are cumbered for ever.
The[illegible] may no cative by Chriſt this kindred defend.
Laughty and largeneſs are tvvo love things,
He that his life gave, loves them wel.
Knights and Chriſten men, thereto heed take,
Caſt the curſt men in care, but they to Chriſt turn.
Think on Dumbarton the bold, in old beirns time,
That thou art but a beeld, and in that land Chief,
Thou ſhalt take heed to this token that I ſhall thee tell,
Believe it as truly as it were vvritten:
When the Lowmond lavv ſhal its leave take,
From the land of Lennox, and leave it for ever,
Leap lightly vvith loup, and look thee about,
And mantle, all the Craig vvith a rovver vval;
With barges and billingers to ruſh at the gates,

That

That both fish and fovvl that on flight goes,
Se flitted up freshly, and fair them within.
Then is Dumbarton burnt all to povvder,
And all in a cloud: the vvar ended for ever.
And if ye fail of this fre it after thirteen years,
Feair ye yaiply, and yairn ye no more
The Castle of Carrick that on a craig stands,
Shal cry upon Cumnock for a true nest,
That into Clidsdale coast clevers ful fast,
In an holine so hie by an elf busk.
Then shal the Gallovvay grooms get on their Mares,
Three Tods and Tersel shal tene all the vvoods,
From Tinmouth to Tultie, and be tole free;
But a Goschalk of growth shal grieve him then,
And get on a gray mare, that in grass rests.
In a govv of Govvrie, by a gray stone,
He shal tulie both the Tods, and the tub also,
And vvith the teind that is taken, turn into France.
Two Weathers and a Wolf shal the field make,
Betwixt a Yovv and a Lamb that leads the flock:
Before Butler the bargain shall begin:
All it is bootless his bags he ript.
Then shal the isle of Rosay be rank ful of side bushes,
Then each man rews them, for rueth of his heart,
That would rend from the rood, and no rest thole.
A cative in a craig shall a tower build,
And cry to Craig-Fergus the Crawdon is ever,
For a book in but, as a Bul horne,
Sound vvith a bugle, blow vvhen he likes.
A Proud Povvn in a preis Lordly shal light:
With plors and pilledovvs pulled in the Crown,
Plain povver of the Pope must the povvn have,
To pluck and to punish. and part him about,
A Pyot shal partly appeal him again,
For his part of the pelf, and the povvn vvrong.
There shal much sorrovv and strife stir them once,
That shal the Sterlings trouble that stirs with wings:

An

An hare, with on hurcheon, and the hind calf,
Shal hy them in holy Land, and hold them therein,
While a gray hound them grip on the Greek Sea,
And go with them grievouſly where him liſt likes.
There ſhal no gaming them glee, while the gray hound
Gripe the gray hound, and grieve him ful ſore,
And buffet him bitterly, then bite him with war.
Go muſing upon Merling more if thou wilt;
For I mean for no more, man, at this time.
Then I ſtudied, ſtood, and him held ſtil,
Then he could ſturdily ſtir with his broad eyes:
But I couth further frain, for his fathers ſoul,
If ever freik on this fold formed himſelf?
That he ſhould witter me ſome way, if he vviſt ought,
What of this vvorld, and this vvar ſhould after betide?
Then as a Lyon he looked me on,
Like as he leap vvould, and rent me in ſunder,
He ſaid Weens thou, *Waldhave*, I vvin into heaven,
That I may in this vvorld all my vvit have?
No, thou getſt that of God, there gains none other:
To vvhom he gives the grace, they are of good life.
But this tale that I tel you, ye ſhal truſt it vvel;
It is tratling but truth, the ſooth thee to ſay,
I moved into my mind, hovv the ſooth ſtands.
Muſe on as thou may, the matter thou frains,
Thou ſins if thon freins, friend, farther I tel,
I have enough, *Waldhave*, my vvay for to make,
Here in vvilderneſs I dvvel, my vvierd for to drie.

Waldhave conjured the Spirit, to ſhow much more of ſundry things to come, as followeth.

BUt ſomething ſhal I ſay, as ſooth I heard,
Amongſt ſiedges unſound, that over ſooth is:
Three Maries of the Mars ſhal marry themſelves
Which the Mertrikes of Mar, that they much love.
Theſe brim beaſts vvild ſhal byte full bold.

To baile and to barret, bairns anew.
Then ſhal be firſt with the Bucks head,
The other a Bear that is brim, ſhal brew much care,
The third a Bull with a Bear that bears horns,
Hudge and hideous on every ſide high,
Theſe three ſhal raike and reve in the wild North,
There ſhal none other ride theſe ryotous beaſts.
A Cock with a keen comb ſhal compaſs them with
All whole the wayes where the land lyes,
With ſuch a ſcreich and cry ſhal their kind riſe,
That the Kinrik be Chriſt shal be cumbered thereof,
But the happier half shal the Cock have;
For he is higher of head and hurts the leſſe,
Theſe falſe Lurdans life laſts but a while,
Till 3 Libberts in a ling from *London* shal come,
And lean toward Lothian in Linlithgow shire,
Toward *Glaſgow* they go, graithly thereafter;
Attour the hills where the way lyes,
And on *Govan* moor graiths them to ſleep,
Then a Lyon as Lord shal leap them among,
And learn them a leſſon though they loth think,
Fel Falcons in field shal their fey worth,
And their formales ſo far fleemed for ever:
Then Purvey the Powock with thy proud shaws,
Thou shalt have part of the pelf, when the pack opens.
Then a Chiftain unchoſen, shal chooſe forth himſelf,
And ride through the Realm, and Roy shal be called:
Then shal Wales worthily dwel upon loft,
And chooſe them a chief Lord of Royalty holden,
Scots Heirs of *Scotland* shal ſcale them ful wide.
In *Humber* shal brulye, their right for to have,
Greſſon and Godrant that were great Lords,
They were tailied in that time with untrue folk,
Heaven, and even heirs of the Land,
Shal rent them, and riſe, and reel in their way,
And noy all the Norowayes that hes them wrong wrought
When dead shal riſe, and marvels shew,

Look

Look him flat in face, and none ſhal him knovv:
Then the Lilly ſo leile, with notable beirns,
Send Bodwart in Britain, to the beirn bold,
Bids him blythly abide in battel joynt,
Then a Lyon ſhal leap looſe out of hands,
The ſixth out of Ireland, no bleſt of deeds.
But vvhen he is looſe, then reſt there is none.
When the Syce is up, and the Sink is under,
Then ſhall the dead ariſe and vvork great vvonder.
Amongſt kind men in Kyth kindle ſhal a care,
There ſhal a Counſel ſit that ſhal whole banks bare,
Then Saxons are ſet with ſuttle thoughts,
And proves partly to prick with parry faces,
And Wales warps up with wonderful words,
And Ireland helps that head to his moſt might,
And all Yorkſhire ſhal help: prove vvhen he likes,
He ſhal bind him to bide with beirns anew,
Enter up at a ſide, where the Sea bits
In his own kind ground where that he was born,
With dignity and dear men that him vvel loves,
For to conqueſt the clear Crown of Englands line.
But all would fail, were not forces that the fool thinks
He ſhould be ſubtilly ſold, were not Chriſt would,
That this dolorous date muſt drive to an end,
And the baſtards bloud left is for ever.
Then in Britain, that day ſee who ſo will,
Shall never baſtard brook a foot broad of earth.
He ſhall be hurled and harled, and haſted to death,
With a Wolf out of Wales and bring him out of days,
And conqueſt the clear crown of Englands right
He ſhal bring all England into good peace,
While an Hunter ſhal riſe, and reign in the North,
Rax up his banners vvith riotous beirns:
For ſafety and ſupply of Brutes lands.
Much ſturt and ſtrife ſhal ſteir a vvhile,
From the North to the South ſea, vvho ſo liſt,
For vven the tovvrs of Torn is tumbled in the ſand,

Wit

With hunger and hard life, and falshood on loft.
Within 8. years after great wonders shall be seen,
Be that the Libberts race is fastly at an end:
Then the Lilly soleil shall lend in his lands,
And to the Lyon shall get Lordships great:
For the Lion shall arrive at Carlile,
And leap on the land, as Lord of the Ground,
He shall leind in the land, with his leif beirns,
And lame the Libbert, and lose him for ever,
Shall never the Libbert leap one day after,
In bold Britain to brook, the date is near passed.
That King shall deal and part all the broad lands,
To the Bruces blood, and other bold Knights,
That shall go with the way to the venging of Christ,
In the Vale of Jehoshaphat seen shall he be,
Where many Saryns shall quake with their hearts,
When the dead man shall rise, and shew them a sight,
As marvellous Merling hath said of before,
Take heed to this tale that I now thee tell,
And trust it as truly as it were written:
When that falshood hath foot, and freedom is loft,
And covetous hath the Kyth at his own will.
When laughty is laid low under foot,
And kindness is courtesie his friends to beguile,
And no truth shall be shewed unto Christian Lands:
But all bent to deceit, and none trust other;
Not the father the son in his bodily oaths.
Holy Kirk shall have no girth, but plainly overturned;
And Lechery on loft, and none spare other,
And each blood with other knits together,
The Laws of our Saviour is quite forgotten.
This is a true talking that Thomas of tells,
That the Hare shall hirple on the hard stane,
In hope of grace, but grace gets she nane.
Then Gladsmoor and Govan shall gape thereafter,
Think not long on this loss, for it is near hand.
When the Lamb is loose that the holy Kirk keeps,

Then

Then falſhood is ſet in Sieges of Rome.
And works for the warrand that the cure wan.
Many Sieges ſhal ſigh within ſhort time after,
And many marvels ſhal be ſeen within ſhort time.
When the mouth of Arran the top hath overturned,
Then ſhal Dumbartan mell of old done deeds:
And ſo ſhal Arran hap in a new mans hands;
In hope of Dumbar, when Hails ſhall hault;
When the hunter ſhal come and his kind Ratches,
Hunt Fotherick and Fife, and the field win.
When Summer is VVinter, and VVinter is weet,
VVith warping wind and tempeſt great,
Then falſhood is ready his friend to beguile,
With hunger and hirſhip over all the broad lands;
Then ſhal the poor people be ſpilled full near,
The Leed with the lucken hand is brought out of days;
Subtilly his life ſhal loſe, and many another,
And many doughty ſhal die for that deed,
And many Leed in the North ſhal their life loſe,
For covetouſneſs and treaſon them loſes the Land.
Many a wife and maiden ſhal wring both their hands,
Before this wicked war be brought to an end.
The firſt root of this war ſhal riſe in the North,
That the Iſles and Ireland ſhal mourn for them both,
And the Saxons ſeaſed into Brutes Lands.
When the Moon is dark in the firſt of the number:
With four Creſcents to eke up the days,
And thriſe ten, is ſelcouth to ſee,
With an L. to looſe out the reſt of the number:
Syne let three and two threips as they will,
This is the true date that Merling of tells,
And gave to King Uter, Arthurus father.
And for to meen and muſe with theſe merry words,
For once Britain ſhal be in a new Knights hands.
Who ſo hap to bide, ſhal ſee with his eyes,
And Merling and Waldhave have ſald of before.
And true Thomas told in his time after,

aint Beid in his book brieved the ſame:
e on if ye may, for miſter ye have,
l give you a token, that Thomas of tells,
en a Lad with a Lady ſhal go over the fields,
many fair thing weeping for dread,
love of their dear friends lyes looking on hills,
t it ſhal be wo for to tell the teind of their ſorrow;
n ſhal be waſted their chief Lands.
ere God curſes with his mouth, dead muſt follow;
w wot thou, Waldhave, my will is way to paſs
wood and wilderneſs, where my way lyes.
n is the Libberts three lamed for ever,
d the Lyon ſhal be Lord and leader forſooth,
d all Britain the broad ſhal him bow to;
d his barnage bold ſhal him bliſs keep,
n ſhal fruit well, and faſhion of corn,
reedom and friendſhip his fiance be holden,
the Chriſten men on Chriſt, and honour our King,
all cures and cares, in this coſt angers.
And thus he ſundered me fra, I frained na longer,
I marvelled faſt at his fair head;
udied right ſtablely, and ſtoniſht thereof,
at I winked ere I wiſt, and wrought upon ſleep;
d when I wakened, written I found
theſe words on wax, wanted there none,
eved on a broad book, and on my breaſt laid;
ſſed be the briever that the book wrot.
en gan I make me to muſe, and melling therewith,
e firſt morning of May, this marvel I ſaw,
I lay mine alone on Lowdon Law,
oking to the Lennox, as me leif thought.

The Propheſie of Gildas.

WHen holy Kirk is wracked; and will hes no wir,
And Paſtors are pluckt and pil'd without pity:
hen Idolatry is in *Ens* and *Reo*,

And

And ſpiritual Paſtors are vexed and away,
And all eſtates in ſight are unknown,
Becauſe of their clothing cunning or craft,
Spiritually ſuſpended, ſubverted and ſuſpected,
Denying their duty to God, and their debt:
Promped up like Princes, as the Peacock proud;
Refuſing their Religion and their right rule,
Then in the North a wicked wind ſhall blow,
That all the Realm ſhall rue ſoon thereafter.
The gray hound ſhall be grieved and driven at under;
And tramped for his truth, to whom he kept truſt,
The kindeſt of his Kith ſhall not him know,
But him and his misknow, that ever they never knew,
Then ſhall many ferly fall right ſoon after,
And from Caithneſs to Dover ſhall walk but war:
And mourn for his misfortune, that failed ſo ſoon.
But better mourn for themſelves, for need they have,
Hales, when thou halteſt nerple not but hold thee,
If thou ſpeakeſt where thou ſpoke, it ſhall able skald th
The barred Lyon lawleſs at thee ſhall be grieved,
Shall ſearch and ſeek thee, to deſtroy thee for ever.
Yet ſhall a beirn from Berwick busk him and bown,
And ſearch the trading of trews that were afore tane,
By the heedleſs people that held at their own hand,
The Holds whole, and the herds had deſtroyed:
Reaſon ſhall be ſought, and granted ſhall be none:
The movers thereof ſhall mene, and may not mend,
Then ſhall the Counſel which cumbred hath the Kith
Call for comfort, but long may they crave,
They marked to the higheſt and to overhale the old:
But all in vain they work, they ſhall not prevail,
They ſhall work unwiſe, and wit ſhall they lack.
Then warled their weird, that ever they were wrou
Then ſhall the Ratches in this Region take,
And run their race rudely but any return,
The beſt of the Kyth ſhall cry for ſupport,
But ſcarce ſhall they riſe, they ſhall be ſo ſweir,

The hound which was harmed, then missed shall be,
Who loved him worst, shall weep for his wrack.
Yet shall a Whelp rise out of the same race,
That rudely shall rair, and rule the whole North:
And quite the whole quarrel of old deeds done,
Though he from his Hold be kept back a while,
The Cock dare not crow, though it be his kind;
But keep himself closs, while come shall his time,
Prepare thee *Edinburgh* and pack up thy Packs:
Thou shalt be left void, be thou leif or loath,
Because thou art variant and fleemed thy faith:
Through envy and covetousness, that cumbred thee ever,
True Thomas me told in a troublesome time,
In a harvest morning at Eldome hills.

The Prophesie of the English Chronicles.

THere shall proceed an holy Hermite in King Eltridus time: in this manner in the Book of King Henry the xth, saying, These Englishmen, forasmuch as they use to drunkenness, treason and carelesness of Gods House: first by the Danes, than by the Normans, and the third time by the Scots, that they hold the most wretches, and the least worth of all other. They shall be overcome and incust. Then the world shall be unstable.

The Prophesie of Sybilla *and* Eltrain.

WHen the Goat with the Golden Horn is chosen to the Sea,
The next year thereafter Glaidsmoor shall be.
Who so likes for to read,
Marvellous Merling and Beid,
In this manner they shal proceed
Of things unknown:
The truth now to record,
And from the date of our Lord,

Though that it be ſhown,
Take a thouſand in calculation:
And the longeſt of the Lyon,
Four Creſcents under one Crown,
VVith Saint Andrews Croſs thriſe:
Then threeſcore and thriſe three,
Take heed to Merling trulie:
Then ſhal the wars ended be,
And never again riſe.

In that year there ſhal a King,
A Duke and no crowned King,
Becauſe the Prince ſhal be young,
And tender of years,
Much ſorrow and ſtriſe,
Shal be in Louthian and Fife,
Through the Fulmarts falſe fears,
The Mandrigal Moldiwart,
Through the ſupply of the fained Hart,
And launcing of the Libbert,
Linked in a lace.
In Fife and Louthian ſhal ſtand,
VVith many bow, bill and brand,
And burn and ſlay all from hand,
VVithout any grace.

Then comes the Anthelop,
The blind Moldiwart to ſtop:
VVith many Senyours in a ſop,
Forth of all Airts.
The Lyon ramping at the Royes,
VVith the Pronye, and Papingoes,
And many Knights for to cloyes,
Shal come from the South.
The ſadled horſe ſhal be ſeen,
Tyed to a tree green,
And with aviſa la fine,
In a bag ſhal be born.
Syne two ſhips in a Shield,

That day ſhal fit the field,
To be the Anthelops beild,
And fetch him beforn.
The Bears head and the Brock,
The Beam and the bloody yoke;
Three Creſcents and a Cock,
Shal come from the North.
They ſhal come from the broyl,
And Knights keenly ſhal toyl.
For love of the Sinkfoyl,
And fight upon Forth.
When the battel draws near,
In their ſight ſhal appear,
A Navy of men of War
Approaching at hand.
Then put their men in ordinance,
With five hundred Knights of France,
And a Duke them to advance,
To be in the Vanguard.
And to the Anthelop ſhal leind,
And take him eaſily to friend,
Then the Libbert ſhal be teind,
And deſperate of bliſs.
Scots and French ſhal take a part,
With a proud haitrent heart,
And ſhal upon the Moldiwart,
Ere they diſſever.
His bow to him ſhal be no beild,
All his Knights ſhal be kill'd,
Himſelf ſlain in the field,
And vanquiſht for ever.
Thus ſhal the wars ended be;
Then peace and policie
Shal reign in Albanie
Still without end.
And who ſo likes to look,
The deſcription of this book,

This writes Beid who will look,
And ſo doth make an end.

Here followeth a Propheſie pronounced by a noble Du and Matron, called Sibilla, *Regina Auſtri, that came to So mon, through the which ſhe compiled four Books at the inſta and requeſt of the ſaid King* Solomon, *and othe And the fourth Book was directed to a noble King called* Ba win, *King of the broad Iſle of Britain. Of the which ſhe ma eth mention of two noble Princes and Emperours, the wh is called Lions, of theſe two ſhall ſubdue and overcome earthly Princes to their Diadem and Crown: and alſo be g rified and crowned in Heaven among Saints. The firſt theſe two is* Conſtantinus Magnus, *that was Leproſus the S of Saint* Helene, *that found the Croſs.*

The ſecond is the ſixth King of the Name of Stewart *of Sc land, the which is our moſt noble King.*

BRITAIN.

IN Scotland ſhall reign the moſt noble and valiant ch train that ever was: full of wiſdom and policy, cruel Juſtice as a Lyon, and fierce. He ſhal be meek as a Lam but ſomewhat inclined to fragility of his fleſh. In time ſhall be great Juſtice and Peace: But alace, for ſo row; for by treaſon he ſhall be deſtroyed. This La ſhal make many good houſes, and fair places: he ſhal ta great adventerous travels; and a little before his death, ſhal have war with them that ſhould be his friends, and ſhal get victory over them; But by falſet of his own, ſhal be drawn to a place of battel, where he ſhal get gr diſcomfort, by which he ſhal die. Therefore, alace, ſorrow of his Line, which ſhal be in great trouble. A after him there ſhal be a Chiftain of the Kyth, unſtable the wind, wavering as the waves of the Sea. In his ti ſhal the Church tremble as an Aſpen-leaf, and great trou in all manner of Eſtates, but it ſhal not long laſt.

A

Alſo the Wolf ſhall riſe againſt him, out of the North-weſt, and make him great trouble: but he ſhal not prevail: for by the help of the Wolfs brother and the Fox, the Wolf ſhal be ſlain by a water ſide. And ſoon after, there ſhal come out of the North, a dragon and a wolf, the which ſhal be the help of the Lyon, and bring the Realm great reſt and peace with glory, with the moſt joy and triumph, that the like was never ſeen this many years before. For by the ſweet ſmel of the Lilly and the flower-de luce, there ſhal a Chiftain of the Kyth chooſe forth himſelf, ſtable as a ſtone, ſtedfaſt as the criſtal, firm as the adamant, true as the ſteel, immaculate as the Sun, without all treaſon. He ſhall ſail on the Sea, with walls on every ſide, and that with great glory and joy, to deliver the Kyth out of all thraldom and dolour: for he ſhall be ſtrong as the wolf, wiſe as the ſerpent, humble as the lamb, ſimple as the dove, victorious as the Lyon, Prince of Juſtice, the weH of this Nation. He ſhal bind his tail with the red dragon, and accompany him with the Lyon: theſe three ſhal riſe againſt the moldiwart, which is curſed of God. This moldiwart ſhal have an earthly skin as a goat; the vengeance of God ſhal fall upon him for ſin, and the ſuffering of the great pride of his people unpuniſhed. Alſo they ſhal thruſt him forth of his Realm, and make all the four chief flouds of his Realm to run blood: And after that, the moldiwart ſhal flee, and take a ſhip to ſave himſelf; for he ſhal have no more power over this Realm. And after that, he ſhal be glad to give the third part of his Realm, to have the fourth part in peace, and he ſhall not get it: for the will of God is, that no man ſhal have mercy but he that is merciful: and after that, he ſhal live in ſorrow all his lifetime: and by adventure, ſuddenly in a flood of the ſea: And his progeny ſhal be fatherleſs in ſtrange Countreys and lands for evermore, becauſe they were gotten againſt the Law of God: For by that generation the Realm of England is repleat of all inlquity and abomination

mination of ſin. And ſo the VVolf, the Dragon with t
Lyon, ſhal divide the Realm of England, and ſo ſhal t
Land be conqueſt by the power and will of God, and n
by the ſtrength of man.

And he that is an Engliſhman born, ſhal deny a
perjure his Native Nation and Realm: But yet they ſh
be as tributars to the aforeſaid three Beaſts, and all who
ly ſubdued to them. And then the Spouſe of God ſh
be glad of her deliverances and her children ſhal inhabi
their Lands with joy in the ſervice of their Father
Creation. VVell is the man that keepeth his true pa
to that time. For after thoſe dayes the Law of the Spou
ſhal be well kept.

But in the mean time, that all Religious perſons ſuff
patiently perſecution, and ſpecially the poor, which ha
left all for their Spouſe ſake, for they ſhal be glad to fl
to the mountains and caves for ſafeguard: But he for who
ſake they do ſuffer, ſhal redreſs their dolour to joy wit
out end.

And the Iſle of Britain ſhal be in all joy and peace, a
the juſt ſhal be glad in ſuppreſſing of their adverſaries, a
then ſhal all good men and women give perfect laud a
praiſe to God Omnipotent: For God doth ſuffer m
to be puniſhed for his ſin.

And then ſhal the Owl, the Bear and the Eagle
all deſtroyed, becauſe they were untrue to the Moon, a
changed into blood: For by their counſel the white L
on, gentle of nature, was degenerate and made cruel
gainſt them that was his truſty friends. For he ſhal
the cauſe of great and much trouble, and ſhedding of mu
innocent blood, and the beginning of much diſcord
mongſt them that ſhould be his friends, and as for his ſu
ceſſion, they ſhal never inherit their lands: And the
ſhal the Bruce beware and take good heed that he ſh
no blood in the lands: But draw him to his ſtrengrh, f
the wolf ſhal await him at an advantage and be his deat
and then ſhal all the birds of the wood ſing for joy, that t

Wo

Wolf is made watch-man, and enemy to the Fox; For
ll ſhal be one in truth and peace, treaſon ſhal be known,
nd the Sun ſhall ſhine clear, but the Moon ſhal be under
overt and dark, till God be pleaſed to redreſſe: The
hite Lyon ramping ſhal have his den at large, for his
edfaſt truth that he hath keept to the Kyth.
And he ſhal keep the Birds in their bounds withal glory:
ut the Unicorn ſhal couch full low for falſhood that he
ath wrought with the Raven ralping, and that was for
heir greedineſs and treaſon that they ſhal do by the Sea,
nd under a great Hill: For the Cock that ſhould have
een true was falſe, and drew with him the Papingo: By
he which the Roſe gave no ſmel, that ever was pleaſant to
he Kyth, and ſo in their trace they ſhal draw the beſt
owls in the Wood, wherefore alas, but then let them
ake heed, for then comes their diſtreſs; the Horn ſhal
low dolour in ſound, that all the Caſtles of Tyne ſhal
uake: And the Hart ſhal run and make little debate: Wo
hal be, but it ſhal not long laſt: For the Wolf with the
Dragon and the Lyon ſhal releaſe that long lay in
heir den, and Juſtice ſhal be had, that was ſtayed to
iſe. Then ſhal tremble and quake the Stalwart and the
Starke, and the right ſhal be had, that juſtice ſhal draw,
nd wo ſhal be to them that no pity would have: For the
Chiftain of the Kyth that God would, ſhould guide, and
trike treaſon down on every ſide.
And happy is that man that may it ſee:
But happy is that Chiftain, what ever he be.

FINIS.

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